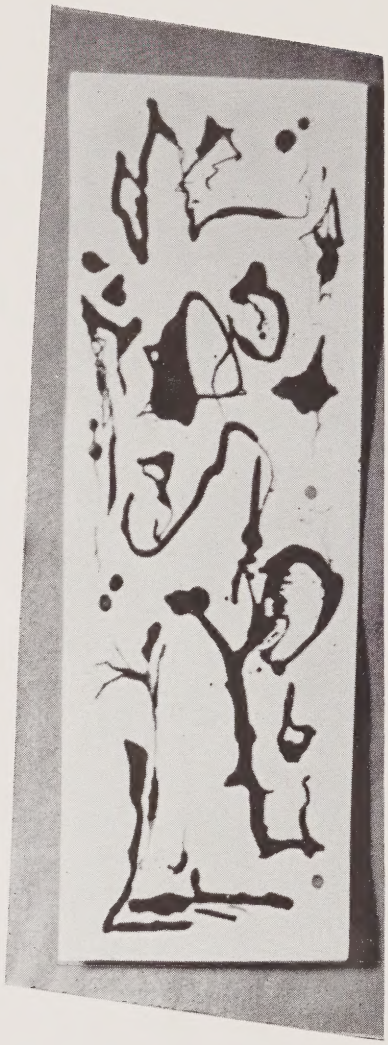
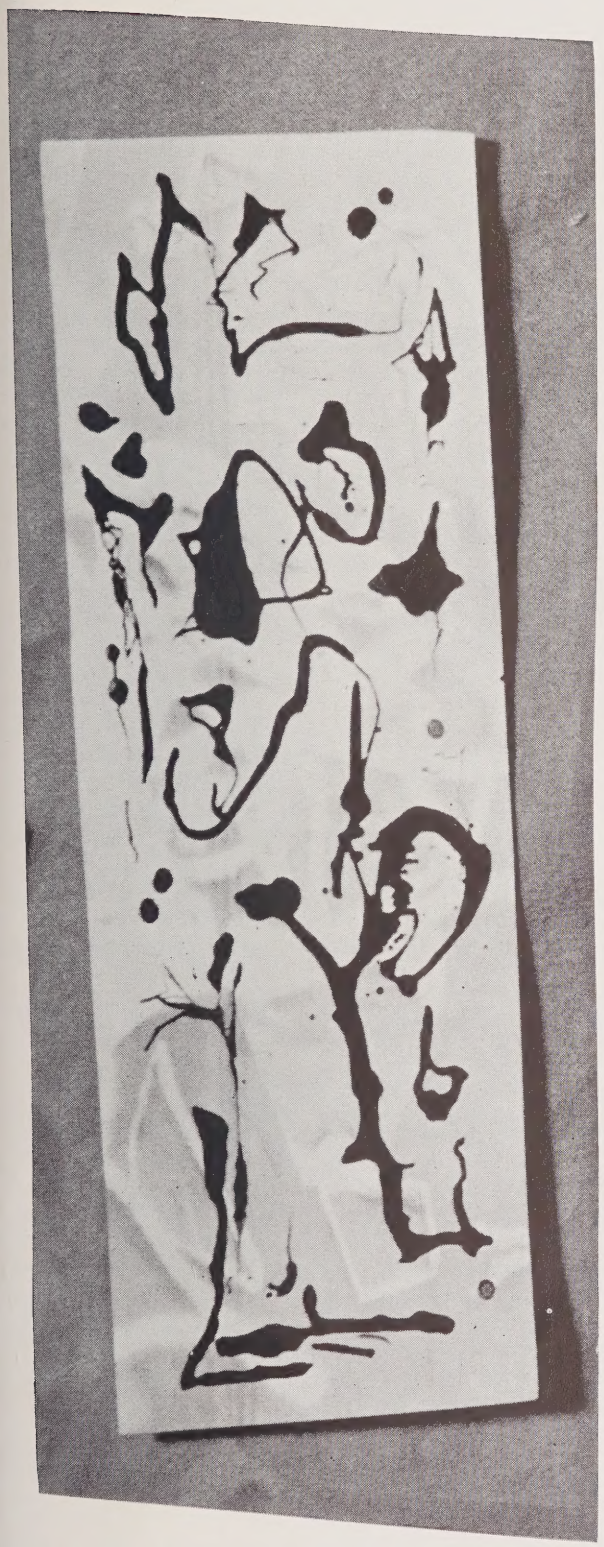
QUEENS COLLEGE LIBRARY
CHARLOTTE, N. C.



STAFF

Editor-in-Chief/*Marilyn Hackett*
Advisors/*Dr. D. M. Monroe, Mrs. Charleen Whisnant, Miss Mildred Miscally*
Business Manager/*Dorothy DuBose*
Advertising Manager/*Donnelle Keenan*
Circulation Manager/*Betty Jenkins*
Circulation Manager Assistant/*Martha Middlebrooks*
Essay Editor/*Jane Dudley*
Poetry Editor/*Amelia Alexander*
Editorial Editor/*Elizabeth Cronquist*
Short Story Editor/*Sue Reid*
Humor Editor/*Patsy Hogg*
Art Editor/*Harriet Houston*
Make-up Editor/*Linda Hardee*
Assistant Make-up Editor/*Ann Fischer*
Artist/*Susan Davis*
Photographer/*Marilyn MacQueen*
Typists/*Suzann Morton, Mary Ann Mahon*



THE QUILL

Essays

The Need for Honor/*Jane Dudley, Suzann Morton*/4
Seeing and Believing/*Dianne Harsh*/4
Reflections of a Retiring President/*Nancy Browning*/5
The Educational System of Russia/*Betty Denton*/8
Don Quixote/*Jane Kluttz*/14
No Man is an Island/*Mary Stenhouse*/19
Birth and Marriage/*Sara Craig*/20
My Shillaly/*Melissa Martin*/22

Fiction

Summer Afternoon/*Susan Burns*/5
Here They Are/*Linda Venning*/5
The Wed/*Laura Prince Davis*/20
The Powers of Death/*Jane Paden*/21

Poetry

Poem/*Robert W. Berryhill*/6
Song for May/*Laura Prince Davis*/6
Was and Is and Will Be/*Harriet Houston*/6
Sonnet I/*Laura Prince Davis*/6
Lines Written on a Rainy Night/*Amelia Alexander*/6
Prayer/*Charleen Whisnant*/7
Summer's Start/*Harriet Houston*/12
Everywhere/*Harriet Houston*/12
Round Trip/*Harriet Houston*/12
Endurance/*Harriet Houston*/12
Yesterday's Loss/*Harriet Houston*/12
Torture/*Harriet Houston*/13
It's Dark/*Rosallen Spencer*/13
Somewhere/*Sarah Ann Jennette*/13
And yet so big/*Sarah Ann Jennette*/13
Poem/*Sarah Ann Jennette*/13
Poem/*Robert W. Berryhill*/18

Photography

Elizabeth Sproul/2, 3, 7, 11, 20, 21, 22
Marilyn MacQueen/19

Art

Design/*Harriet Houston*/2, 3
Designs/*Linda Hardee*/11, 22
Blind Man on a Blind Horse,
Wedding, Trees/*Elizabeth Sproul*/7, 20, 21
Cover Painting/*Susan Davis*

The Need for Honor

The Queens Honor System, according to the Student Handbook, is "one of the most esteemed possessions of the college." It is to regulate "all phases of college life." To evaluate accurately the effectiveness of the Honor System one must compare its stated purpose to its actual application. Upon truthfully doing so, one reaches the conclusion that the whole thing is a farce. The fault lies not within the system itself, but within the students who fail to acknowledge the meaning of the word "honor."

As proof of the fact that the students have ignored or rejected honor in nearly "all phases of college life," attitudes toward various policies and regulations on campus should be examined. Some of the more flagrantly rebellious ones are those toward the merit system and toward things such as chapel cards and drinking.

At the beginning of each semester every student is given ten merits. For each violation of rules to which the merit system is applicable, a certain number of merits are lost. This lenient plan enables one to make a few mistakes before being severely punished, or at least that was the original purpose of this system. The present attitude is such that students consider having these ten merits to lose before being punished nothing but an invitation to break the rules established for their own good. These students therefore nonchalantly violate the rules which they are on their honor to uphold.

Rules not included in the merit system are broken with equal abandon. The fact that there is a definite rule requiring that all chapel cuts be recorded is unimportant to many. Their lack of honor lets them cut as often as they wish without listing more than the seven allowed each semester. The drinking rule is also egregiously violated, displaying once again a lack of honor. The students' attitude toward this regulation, typical of the one toward all the others, is to get by with as much as possible. This is the attitude held toward the spirit of "one of the most esteemed possessions of the college."

The next logical step in this discussion is an effort to determine the causes of these attitudes, this lack of honor. The authors, speaking as freshmen, do not believe that their class entered Queens with its present negative attitude. It came willing to obey the school's regulations, regardless of how unnecessary they seemed. When and, more important, why did the freshman attitude change so that it has become like all the other classes? The answer to when it began to change is during Orientation Week, and the answer to why it changed is the influence of upperclassmen.

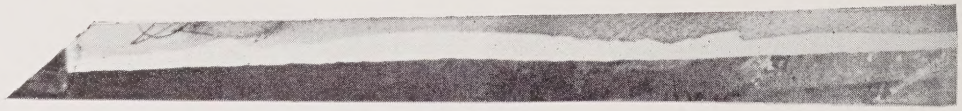
Orientation Week is the time in which new students become acquainted with college life at Queens. During this time they are instructed by upperclassmen about the school's regulations. They are told, "There's a rule against wearing shorts on front campus, but you can always slip a raincoat on over them." New students also hear that, although girls can't sit in parked cars on campus, the Baptist parking lot is just across the street. A student's attitude and sense of honor begin to change during Orientation Week in which, for each rule presented, a way to get around it is given.

The people by whom new students are most influenced are upperclassmen in places of responsibility, especially those in freshman dorms. These girls are in such a position that, regardless of what they say about the meaning of honor, their actions speak louder than words. If rules are not firmly, consistently, and impartially applied, the students' concept of honor once again undergoes a change.

Not only officers, but all upperclassmen, have a great responsibility in influencing the freshmen's attitude toward honor. If an upperclassman can stand outside a freshman's window and talk to her during closed study, why can't freshmen do the same? Assuredly freshmen learn a great deal from the older girls, but most of it helps only to increase the growth of a negative spirit.

It is not very difficult for one to point out that the Queens Honor System is not as effective as possible because the students no longer have a clear-cut conception of honor. The challenge lies in changing the situation. It is the duty of every Queens student to reevaluate her own idea of honor and to display this change "in all phases of college life."

JANE DUDLEY SUZANN MORTON



Seeing and Believing

How many of us have ever stopped to wonder why the earth is what it is? How often have we noticed the silhouette of a tree at the dusk of day and wondered what made it so tall? I wonder how much we have seen and from that, how much we have believed. All of us have heard the saying, "Seeing is believing," but is this necessarily so? How much have you seen today, and how much have you believed?

Surely you noticed the sky this morning—that the sun was shining—that there wasn't a cloud in sight? Certainly you saw these things and recognized that they existed, but did you believe in them? Your immediate answer will be, "Of course, I believed them! I saw that they were there, so I believed that they were there!" But my next question to you is this: "Did you stop to think about why they were there?" This is my point: to believe in something is to ponder on it long enough to form some reason for your belief. To see, in the common use of the word, is merely to observe or take notice of something. Again I ask you—did you see the sky this morning, or did you believe in the sky this morning? Did you simply notice the sky this morning, or did you stop and ponder upon how beautiful it was and wonder just why it was so beautiful?

In seeing we miss the true value of things, for we merely take notice of something, while in believing we form an attitude toward that thing and therefore gain something. So is there not a difference in seeing and believing? Most certainly there is! But how many of us realize this? Think of how many of us are stumbling through life missing the real value and beauty of things by merely seeing, and not believing!

DIANNE HARSH

Reflections of a Retiring President

(This speech was given in student assembly by Nancy Browning, retiring President of Student Government.)

Throughout this year I have had an unusual opportunity to work with the student body of Queens College. I have listened to them shout about their maturity, their striving for knowledge, their rights, the injustices of the college, *ad infinitum*. Now I am going out of office and will hear this student voice no longer. As I think back over the primary concerns of our college community, these are among my general impressions.

I remember first the group of freshmen returning from Camp Stewart at Orientation. After three unbearable days of being cooped up, the thoughts and primary concerns of this group entering college life were expressed thus: "Gosh, I would love just to lay eyes on a boy." "When was the last time I saw one?" "Wouldn't it be wonderful to be in the arms of one?" This feeling was not limited to freshmen alone, sadly enough. This is one topic about which most of our conversation revolves. This, and things of less import.

Perhaps my next recollection of the year stems from rush week. The time finally arrived for sororities to gather about them the select few they thought would "fit in" and benefit from the association. There are any number of arguments involving sororities and their Christian evaluation which I will not go into now, since that is not my present purpose. (However, if we do believe in Christianity, those arguments might bear thought.) Now I am considering the memories of forced small talk, the smiling "please come back again," and the vote to drop these same girls a few hours later. Then followed the smiles of people of different groups to prove there were no hard feelings. This is only a small sample. Just how sincere is it? Just where are sororities in our scale of values, and why?

Elections bring me to the next point. Here the students of our college displayed lack of judgment, dishonesty, and selfishness. I am not quarreling exactly with the outcomes of elections—only the manner in which the students voted. First, a person's sorority affiliation could easily be identified by the ballots cast by some people. To these I only want to say, "Have an excellent rush week; the college next year is actually no concern of yours." Then there were those who did not see fit to run for office or even vote. Some had good reasons. Others want student government but are unwilling to assume any responsibility at all. To these people I want to say, "Channel your dissatisfied feelings carefully next year and do not be a drag on the campus." Finally, I would like to consider those who voted more than once—or so I heard. This, in short, is dishonest.

Next I want to touch on a few matters that can be exemplified by the missing picture in Burwell and the like. This is not entirely your fault, I know, but it consumes hour after hour of the time of the administration. There are one million things coming to the Dean's office which either should never have happened or are thoroughly unimportant. Students are thinking only of their time, their privileges, their desires. This is one reason it takes so long to get anything done. One is eternally having to stop what he or she is doing to attend to this and that petty matter.

Part of the responsibility for these errors rests on my shoulders, but not all of it.

These are some of my impressions of this year. There are others more pleasant. There are even less pleasant ones remaining undiscussed. I would like to ask you to do a little serious thinking. Evaluate the things into which you are putting your time and energy. Consider the feelings, welfare, and needs of someone other than yourself occasionally. Remember that even at twenty-two years, you are far from the desirable level of mature adulthood. It is true that Queens College—its faculty and administration—is not perfect. The student body, incidentally, is part of Queens College, and is also far from perfection. Since you, individually, make up this student body, please try at least to begin your movements of improvement with yourself.

NANCY BROWNING

Summer Afternoon

He jumped from one sparse patch of grass to the next, for the road burnt his bare feet. This was a bright day, a hot day, a swimming day, and he was going to the creek. All week in the chalky schoolroom he had waited for Saturday. His chores had been done quickly this morning and now he was free—free to go swimming. He whistled. In the noon sky a buzzard slowly formed a circle. The brown fields lay baking on his left. Back from the road on his right was the white house with the green yard. Under the shade of a tall oak was a huge new swimming pool. Its blue water shone where the sun touched the edge. No ripple marred its surface. For a moment the boy stared at the pool. He sighed, turned, and slowly walked down the hot path that led to the creek.

SUSAN BURNS

Here They Are

I am sitting here and I am thinking. The thoughts aren't very pleasant. I should cry, or, perhaps scream. They might like that. But I won't. I shall never forget the looks they are giving me now. I suppose they are meant to be pitying, but to me they seem more curious than anything else. Why can't they leave me alone? Why can't we be alone? The time is short. In a few minutes the others will come. I am sad. I think that I shall never again feel any emotion except sadness and emptiness. Here they are. I have time for one last look.

LINDA VENNING

Poem

Look at me and then pass on,
for I have no feelings.
I am the clown.
Speak of your troubles and dreams,
but turn away when I speak.
I am the clown.
Speak of life and love,
consult me not; I know nothing.
I am the clown.
But when your dreaded future arrives,
you will understand
I am the clown.

Robert W. Berryhill

Was and Is and Will Be

It was dark in the womb
My eyes did not see
I searched and found
Not comfort but fear
For Life sucked me
To a world of worry
And sent me to bed
In the dark with Remorse
Soon Vulture Time
Will spread my shroud
And dig to the depth
My dank dark tomb.

Harriet Houston

Song for May

Wife.
Yes.
Where are you going?
To the edge of the black mountain.
And you will meet him there?
Yes. Alone.
Who is he?
Only a lost soul.
And do you expect to save him?
No.
Then, why do you leave me?
You are not lost.
Have I not given you honor, position, security?
Yes.
And have I not given you the protection of my good name?
Yes.
Yet, you forsake me?
Yes.
And what has this lost soul to offer you from his great riches?
A moment filled with insecurity, a life made up of fear, an eternity screaming with its burden of loneliness.

Laura Prince Davis

Sonnet I

If nothing more than death can from me free
The welling passions that within me see
And call unto the fleeting form of Night
With all her frozen silhouettes in flight,
Then I shall have no fear of death, whose tongue
Cannot disrupt the violet night-watch sung.
For neither joy nor happiness beguiles
My passions into slumber; for the while
My foolish self within me, unrelieved,
Its former peace is seeking to retrieve,
My soul yet knows that herein lies its fate
To chase the Night; her torments captivate.
Thus, give me death, for in its unrest flows
The rush of Night—a lilac-drenched repose.

Laura Prince Davis

Lines Written on a Rainy Night

Clad in gloom,
Draped with grief,
The skies weep with me
And pour down their tears.
The world, sombre and bleak,
Waits for nothing.
And agony rends my heart
As my sighs, the night.
Helpless I stand,
Aware of the utter void
That is left . . .

Amelia Alexander

Blind Man on a Blind Horse/Elizabeth Sproul

Prayer

Dear God I know that if I think
For long about myself and man
That I will come to see us as
Unworthy of the thing I ask
And so I do not stop to think
Or see us all for what we are:
Responsible for what we are,
Instead I pray for peace on earth,
Give us good will toward every man
Save us from what we have become
And spare us time to try again.

C. Whisant

The Educational System of Russia

Winner of Sigma Upsilon Freshman Research Award and Sigma Mu Freshman-Sophomore Research Award: Betty Parker Denton

The term "education" is used in Russia to apply to all factors which enter into the teaching and conditioning of the minds of all age groups. It includes the entire school system from nursery school to university. It includes all means of communication, all sources of information, all types of entertainment. It includes the arts, the sciences, and all cultural and political organizations. The term, in fact, includes all the elements which go into the molding of the entire person—spiritual, intellectual, moral, and physical.[1]

The Soviet Union uses education as an instrument with which to build a strong and powerful society and with which to promote Soviet policy. The Communist party has complete control of the school system, and all leaders in the educational field have had a lifetime of Communist indoctrination. Those in the highest positions dictate the policies of the school, and these policies are carried out strictly and uniformly throughout Russia. Each child is educated to be of maximum usefulness to the state. The Communists believe that the minds of their children are their greatest resource in building an orderly and powerful nation. All the people of Russia consider education to be their business. The lower classes believe that through education their children may become great scientists and lead an expedition into outer space.[2]

There can be no doubt but that the Communists have made tremendous improvements in the educational system of Russia. The masses had no opportunity for education under the Czars, and sixty per cent of the Russian population was illiterate when the Communists came to power. Those who had received any formal education had received it in church-controlled schools. The Communists established a centralized, government-controlled, free system of education. This system includes schools for all ages—nursery schools for very young children to upper secondary schools for children between fifteen and seventeen. Special schools were established to reduce the illiteracy of all age groups and to provide trade, technical, and political training. The system was so complete that by 1947 one out of every four people in Russia was attending a school of some sort.[3]

The history of Russian education under the Communists can be divided into two major periods: the period before 1935 and the period since 1935. The experiments in education during the 1920's proved to be entirely unsuccessful. During these years Russian grammar and history were missing from the program altogether. The brigade or laboratory method of instruction was used, and there were hardly any textbooks at all. Assignments were "worked out" in groups of six or eight, and one person could answer examination questions for the whole group. Social and political activities occupied much of the students' time, and these activities were encouraged by school authorities. Discipline was poor, and students often cut classes and did not do assigned homework. There were no examinations and no strict system of grading. Many of the teachers during this period were only semiliterate men and women who had less than seven years' formal education in poor schools.[4]

In the early and middle 1930's Russian schools underwent a period of drastic reforms. The Central Committee of the Communist Party declared that the urok (lesson) would be the standard form of instruction. A strict grading system and a program of rigid examinations were put into effect by a series of decrees issued by the Committee. Since the laboratory method of teaching had been a complete failure, it was abolished altogether. Academic achievement and discipline were demanded of the students. Textbooks were used, and standard textbooks soon came into general use. Students who refused to conform to rules of discipline or who displayed no probability of academic achievement were expelled. The requirements for teachers were raised, and students came to regard teachers with respect and esteem. Good results were produced by the reforms, and by 1940 graduates of the ten-year schools had a reasonably good general education.[5]

The trends of this reform period have continued to the present time, and the Soviet Union now has a well-organized educational system which includes training for all age groups beginning with the nurseries for very young children. The pre-school education system has three major divisions: (1) nurseries for children from six weeks to three years of age, (2) nursery schools for three- and four-year-old children, and (3) kindergartens for five- and six-year-olds. Russian nurseries usually take children at about four months of age, but children may be taken as young as six weeks old. In the cities house nurseries take children who live in a particular apartment house or in a particular block; factory nurseries care for children whose parent or parents are employed in a particular factory; district nurseries take children from a number of small factories or a certain residential area; special nurseries are usually operated outside the city limits to care for children who are not healthy enough to mingle with the other children. The system of rural nurseries includes field nurseries which operate only during sowing and harvesting seasons and permanent nurseries which care for children on the larger collective farms. Kindergartens are classified in the same manner as nurseries.[6]

Between twenty and 150 children attend an average nursery, but as many as 250 attend some of the larger factory nurseries. The larger nurseries and kindergartens separate the children into groups of about twenty each according to age. The staff of a large nursery includes a supervisor, an assistant supervisor, one or two trained nurses, and several teachers who are directly in charge of the children. The supervisor usually has living quarters in or near the nursery. In addition to the administrative staff there are usually a cook, an assistant cook, a laundry maid, and a janitor or two. The large factory nurseries operate a night shift and employ two shifts of help.[7]

The program of training varies according to the age group; but the chief concerns are to teach the children patriotism and loyalty to the state and to fill them with the desire to live the kind of life that will be most beneficial to their nation. The walls of the nurseries are decorated with pictures of Lenin and contemporary political leaders. The songs, games, and literature are designed to promote the

cause of communism.[8]

The Russian school which corresponds to the twelve-year program of the United States is the ten-year school. The ten-year schools are for students between seven and seventeen years of age, and they are divided into three stages: four years of primary study, three years of lower secondary work, and three years of upper secondary work. One school may include only the first four grades, or it may include the first seven grades, or it may include all ten grades.[9]

The ten-year schools are under the control of the sixteen separate republics, but they have little freedom to establish policies or administer the academic program. It is presupposed that they will follow the lead of the Russian Soviet Federated Socialistic Republic in all matters of any importance. The Central Committee of the Communist Party serves as the watchdog to see that all divisions of the school system adhere to party policy.[10] Since all the ten-year schools are actually centrally controlled, each grade in all the schools throughout Russia has the same level of instruction, the same curriculum, textbooks, and methods of instruction. When a student is promoted from any given grade, he has passed a clearly defined scope of subjects.[11]

The Russian ten-year student attends classes six days each week and is assigned four hours of homework to do each night.[12] The school year ranges from 213 days for the first three grades to 230 days for the tenth grade.[13] By the time a student graduates from upper secondary school, he has studied mathematics for ten years, biology for seven years, chemistry for five years, physics for four years, and astronomy for one year.[14] He has studied a foreign language for six years; and if he continues his education, he will take up a second foreign language. The program in the ten-year schools is exactly the same for all students except that boys receive more military and physical training than girls. A student may choose between foreign languages if more than one are offered in the school; otherwise there are no electives.[15] More than half of the time in upper secondary schools is devoted to scientific subjects, but other subjects such as literature are not neglected. In the last year of upper secondary school English is generally spoken in English classes.[16]

The Russian system sets out to produce hard-working, aggressive students who are above average in their grades. The students study in a strict, intellectual atmosphere where making good grades is ranked above all else. Making good grades in Russian schools is not easy because requirements are high, and there are many difficult examinations. The stiff requirements of the program make it almost impossible for students to have any time or energy left to devote to any subject which is not covered in the textbooks.[17] The numerical system of grading is used with marks from "5" down to "1." The lowest passing grade is "3." When a student passes the final examinations of the ten-year school, he is issued a Certificate of Maturity which entitles him to apply for admission to an institution of higher education. In addition to the certificate, students graduating with a final grade of "5" in all subjects are awarded gold medals; and students who have a "5" in all final examination subjects and a "4" in not more than three other subjects receive silver medals. Until recently medal holders were not required to take examinations for entrance to universities and institutes.[18]

Both students and teachers have to abide by rules issued by the Soviet of People's Commissars. These rules govern behavior away from school as well as behavior at school. An example of the rules for school children is: "It is the duty of every school child to sit erect during the class period, not leaning on elbows or slouching in the seat; to attend closely to the explanations of the teachers and the

Chart of Subjects in the Ten-year School

Number of Subjects	SUBJECTS	Number of class hours per week in grades I-X										Total hours	
		I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII	VIII	IX	X	week	year
1	Russian language and literature	13	13	13	9	9	8	6	5	4	4	84	2,772
2	Mathematics	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	60	1,980
3	History	–	–	–	2	2	2	2	4	4	4	20	660
4	Constitution of USSR	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	1	1	33
5	Geography	–	–	–	2	3	2	2	2	3	–	14	462
6	Biology	–	–	–	2	2	2	3	2	1	–	12	396
7	Physics	–	–	–	–	–	2	3	3	4	4	16	528
8	Chemistry	–	–	–	–	–	–	2	2	3	4	11	363
9	Astronomy	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	1	1	33
10	Psychology	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	1	1	33
11	Foreign Language	–	–	–	–	4	4	3	3	3	3	20	660
12	Physical Culture	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	20	660
13	Drawing	1	1	1	1	1	1	–	–	–	–	6	198
14	Drafting	–	–	–	–	–	–	1	1	1	1	4	132
15	Singing	1	1	1	1	1	1	–	–	–	–	6	198
16	Labor	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	–	–	–	10	330
17	Practical work in agricultural economy, machine operation, and electro-technique	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	3	2	2	7	231
	Excursions												293
	Total	24	24	24	26	32	32	32	32	33	33	293	9,962

Remark. The number of class weeks in a year, not including the time devoted to examinations, is 34; of them 33 weeks are reserved to the study of class subjects and one week to excursions.
George S. Counts, *The Challenge of Soviet Education* (New York, 1957), p. 77.

responses of the pupils, not talking or engaging in mischief."[19] Since 1936 it has been a rule that students enrolled in any level of education should wear uniforms. The shortage of uniforms kept this rule from being complied with strictly until recently, but most photographs taken recently show the Russian students dressed in uniforms.[20] Any violation of these rules is considered intolerable.[21] Teachers are well trained and run their classes with strict discipline. Students who get less than "5" in behavior are warned by school authorities that they may not be allowed to attend college.[22] An example of the rules governing teachers is: "The teacher is obligated to maintain discipline of labor and to follow strictly the teaching regimen and the rules of internal order and to fulfill the instructions of the administration quickly and precisely." Many rules concerning the daily preparation of lessons and records are also included.[23]

All schools in Russia above the upper secondary level are centrally controlled throughout the sixteen republics by a Ministry of Culture.[24] Universities and institutes are the two major classifications of non-military schools of higher learning. The institutes prepare students for work in a specific industry or for some special vocation. Only at the universities can a major in one of the basic sciences be obtained. Upon his graduation from a university a student is automatically certified to teach in his major field.[25] The following gives the exact number of universities and institutes in Russia:

> More than two thirds of the 33 universities have been set up since the revolution. As of 1952 the number of higher educational institutes were as follows: 379 teacher training institutes, 211 technical and transport institutes, 74 medical institutes, 49 institutes for the study of theater, music, and fine arts, 35 economic and legal institutes, 19 veterinary institutes, and 16 institutes of physical culture. Educational research is carried on in such institutes as those of Moscow and Leningrad, which also offer training programs for school administrators and research workers.[26]

Evening and correspondence courses are offered in the majority of the resident engineering institutes. The extension services of all institutes for technical training have been enlarged rapidly within the last few years.[27]

The time required to complete a course in a Soviet institution of higher learning varies from two to six years depending upon the field of study and the category of the school. All standard university courses require five years of study, and the term of instruction in most engineering schools also averages about five years. The school year is divided into two semesters, the first one running from the first of September to near the end of December. Then comes a four-week examination session which is followed by a two-week winter recess. The second semester starts early in February and extends to the first of June. Most of the month of June is required for the final examinations, leaving July and August for the summer vacation. The reason that so much time is required for examinations is that many of them are oral. It would take six years in an American college to equal the actual time spent in school in the Russian five-year courses. Since Russians start to school at the age of seven, a Russian student who enters a university immediately upon graduation from a ten-year school is one year younger than the average American freshman. The age at which they will finish college is approximately the same.[28]

As in the ten-year schools there are almost no electives; if they are offered at all, they must be taken in addition to the prescribed load. The prescribed courses for each major field are definitely fixed, and the student has no choice of the subjects he will take in his chosen specialty. Since the courses for the entire five years are established for each major field, a student must decide upon his field of specialty at the time he applies for admission.[29]

During the freshman year the amount of time allotted for compulsory class attendance is six hours per day, thirty-six hours per week. Regardless of what a student's specialty may be, his studies will include some physical education, foreign language, and social sciences. Physical education is compulsory for the first two years. Class attendance in foreign languages is not compulsory after the first two years, but the student must continue to pass examinations. The social sciences are primarily the studies of Marxism-Leninism and political economy which take up about 7 per cent of the student's time in all Soviet schools. In the secondary schools the task of promoting communism is assigned to all teachers; in college this task is assigned primarily to the social science teachers.[30] There are no remedial courses in mathematics or in any other courses which are taught in the ten-year schools. The only secondary courses which are continued at the college level in Soviet engineering and science schools are physical sciences, mathematics, and foreign languages. There are no courses in composition, literature, history, or any other one of the humanities which are taught in American engineering schools. A Russian student of engineering or science ends his general education when he completes the ten-year school.[31]

As for the living conditions in the resident schools, students live as well if not better than the average Russian worker. The dormitories are kept clean and are frequently inspected by dormitory officials, sanitary commissions, and student organizations. Most students eat one hot meal a day in the dining hall; and the other two meals, breakfast and supper, are simple meals eaten in the rooms. Each simply-furnished room accommodates from three to six students. Men and women students sometimes live in the same dormitory but on different floors or separate wings. There are strict regulations concerning visitors and visiting hours.[32]

Soviet students spend their time in different ways just as do American students. Some do nothing but study; others spend a great deal of time with social and political organizations; some hold part-time jobs. Most students are able to spend at least a little time in recreation and relaxation. Chess, billiards, and volleyball are popular; and tournaments are often held. The revolutionary holidays are a time of spirited merry-making with much dancing and singing.[33]

When a student finishes college, he may go directly to work or continue study toward a graduate degree. About 3 per cent continue resident study, but the student has little choice in the matter. The decision is made for him by those in authority. A person who has had practical experience in his major field is given preference over one who has just completed undergraduate education. In order to be admitted to a graduate school the prospective student must pass examinations in his field of specialty, a foreign language, and the foundations of Marxism-Leninism. Money has little to do with enabling a person to go to graduate school because tuition was eliminated at all levels of education beginning with the 1956-57 term. Every accepted student automatically qualifies for a graduate student scholarship.[34]

It normally takes three years to complete the required work for a graduate degree. Previous experience and outstanding achievement may reduce the term to two years.

The student does work in two subjects closely related to his specialty, a foreign language, and an extensive study of Marxism-Leninism. The writing of a thesis is optional. A student working toward a degree may elect to carry out a work project which is passed upon by an academic council or at a scientific conference. All institutions of higher education require all graduate students to do extensive practice teaching. Those successfully completing all requirements receive the *kandidat nauk* degree, and until recently one could also work toward the higher degree, *doktor nauk*. This degree, however, was abolished in 1956.[35] All graduates of any level of specialized training, including holders of the *kandidat nauk* degree, are obligated to take any position chosen by the authorities for a period of at least three years.[36]

Although the improvements in Russian education have been astonishing in the last few decades, the system does not function as ideally as Russian propaganda would have the world believe. The school-building program is widely publicized, but actual accomplishments have been unimpressive. In some places the school buildings are too small and are poorly distributed among the population. Ten-year schools which operate on a two-shift basis are quite common, and in some rapidly-growing vicinities the schools must function on a three-shift basis. Russia has an elaborate school-building program, but the number of buildings actually completed in a given period of time always falls below the planned quota. These building plans call for modern school laboratories, shops, and other facilities for polytechnical instruction. At the present time the ten-year schools are inadequate in this area, especially in rural schools. Much of the laboratory equipment consists of discarded industrial equipment and equipment made by the students and teachers.[37]

Although Russia has consistently lagged behind the scheduled goals in education, progress has been generally steady. Three years of education were compulsory in 1930, and in 1949 it was officially declared that seven years of education must be compulsory and universal within three years. It is planned that by 1960 ten years of training will be the minimum. This means that in addition to the seven years of general education which are required now, each person will have three more years of general education or three additional years of technical or vocational training.[38]

In 1956 several boarding schools were established for students from the first through the seventh grades. It is Russia's plan that eventually there will be boarding schools for ten grades. The purpose of these schools is to provide conditioning and state supervision which the students would not receive at home. Enrollment in the boarding schools is voluntary, and tuition is charged on an ability-to-pay basis. Parents are allowed to visit at certain specified times. The boarding schools also serve to educate the orphans and homeless with the state bearing all the expense. In order to start developing children who are efficient builders of a communistic society at the earliest possible age, the boarding school system will eventually include kindergartens and nurseries. Another reason for this is to give Soviet women more time to engage in active public service.[39]

One reason for the steady progress of Soviet education is that a large part of the Soviet budget is spent on education. It has been estimated that over half of the money which the Soviet Union allots to the various republics is spent on education. The educational workers of Russia number about four million, and they enjoy certain privileges and protection under the Trade Union of Educational Workers. The Union assists teachers financially in buying a home or traveling abroad. The Union may protect a teacher if unfounded charges are brought against him. These advantages make the educational field more attractive to qualified persons.[40]

The most important reason for the success of Russian education seems to be that "in Russia serious learning is the only road to success."[41] A young Russian cannot make a fortune in the stock market or in a private business. He has no possibility of being elected to a position of prestige and fame. The only hope he has of rising above the common working class is to make himself valuable to the state by acquiring a good education in an important field.

---

[1]George S. Counts, *The Challenge of Soviet Education* (New York, 1957), p. 5.
[2]Oliver J. Caldwell, "Some Foundations of Soviet Educational Power," *The Education Digest*, XXIV (November, 1958), 12-14.
[3]"National Systems of Education," *Universal Standard Encyclopedia*, 1957, VIII, 2651.
[4]George L. Kline, editor, *Soviet Education* (New York, 1957), pp. 25-30.
[5]*Ibid.*, pp. 29-33.
[6]Kline, pp. 2-5.
[7]Kline, pp. 4-5.
[8]*Ibid.*
[9]Alexander G. Korol, *Soviet Education for Science and Technology* (New York, 1957), pp. 1-2.
[10]"National Systems of Education," *Encyclopedia Americana*, 1958, IX, 600-601.
[11]Korol, pp. 1-2.
[12]Harold Plimer, "Challenges to Education," *School Science and Mathematics*, LVIII (October, 1958), 562.
[13]Counts, p. 76.
[14]Plimer, p. 562.
[15]Counts, p. 76.
[16]"Crisis in Education," *Life* (March 24, 1958), pp. 25-35.
[17]*Ibid.*
[18]Korol, pp. 77-78.
[19]Counts, pp. 74-76.
[20]Korol, p. 21.
[21]Counts, p. 75.
[22]"Crisis in Education," pp. 25-35.
[23]Counts, pp. 74-76.
[24]"National Systems of Education," *Encyclopedia Americana*, 1958, IX, 600-601.
[25]Korol, p. 135.
[26]"National Systems of Education," *Encyclopedia Americana*, (New York, 1958), IX, 601.
[27]Korol, p. 142.
[28]*Ibid.*, pp. 213-214.
[29]Korol, pp. 219-220.
[30]*Ibid.*, pp. 227-231.
[31]Korol, p. 232.
[32]Kline, pp. 55-61.
[33]*Ibid.*, pp. 61-63.
[34]Korol, pp. 360-379.
[35]Korol, pp. 379-387.
[36]*Ibid.*, p. 361.
[37]Korol, pp. 38-41.
[38]*Ibid.*, pp. 2-4.
[39]Korol, pp. 32-37.
[40]Caldwell, p. 14.
[41]Robert M. Hutchins, "The Lesson of Khruschev's Little Red Schoolhouse," *The Education Digest*, XXIV (October, 1958), 1.

Harriet Houston

Winner of the Sigma Upsilon Freshman Poetry Award

Summer's Start . .

The honeysuckle heart sheds its sweetness
Which melts in the mouth of searching summer.
A melodious freshness covers creation
And sweet life sees it is good.

Everywhere

Where?
Everywhere.
I've been here before.
Dark—light—high—low—
Narrow—wide—aglow,
You are Everywhere
And I've been here before.
Suffering shame,
Roaming your roads,
Smelling your summers—
You are Everywhere
And I've been here before.
Laughing, crying;
Falling and rising,
Loving, hating;
Sinning and praying.
Life and death—
All things are Everywhere.
I've been here before
And endure no more—
Life leaves me in your lap,
Everywhere.

Round Trip

Yes
I've questioned the system
But none the less
I still chase my tail.
Revolving and rolling
Twists then turns
The cycle spins swiftly
And I cry to get off
Round and round I go
On a trip for one
To nowhere and back . . . . .

Endurance

These lips of mine
Long love to kiss
Into your heart
Of solid stone.
Alabaster white
Radiantly robed
You stand removed
Scorning such love.
Caresses I crave—
Be my everything—
Melt my misery.
I lust for your love
Yet you do not care
For my embrace
But such a force
Engulfs my emotions
That all else dies
And I chain myself
Forever to await
Your look of love.
My heart's fire
Will never fade
But will burn
A perpetual prayer—
Someday my love,
Someday . . . . .

Yesterday's Loss

I never see him now
Except in memories
When I relive yesterday.
We are one
Only in the past.
The present dies at birth—
Into nothing
The future slowly bleeds—
Life's stairway spins
And swirls me downward
Into the past.
I never see him now
Except in memories . . . . .

Torture

In deep slumber
I dwell dejected
In the breast of Mother Earth
For you have gone.
The present dies at birth
There will be no future
And the past, sinful and strange,
Lingers in my soul.

Harriet Houston

It's Dark

My heart is a vacuum
of loneliness,
A trumpet blares through the
smoke-filled room
There's laughter and the
tinkling of glasses
And I am glass
A deep, dark, empty glass.

Rosallen Spencer

Somewhere . . .

Twilight slowly heals
the blushing scar of a sun-drenched horizon
as it stealthily
approaches fulfillment.
Caressed by cricket-cymbals,
enveloped by gray curtains of dusk,
a cabin
becomes a haven
in a distant corner
of a carpeted valley.
A child
accepts the needs of youth
and sleeps deeply
warmed by an ebbing fire.
A man
toils in the fields
and returns to a peace of simplicity
to rest.
A woman
waits serenely
in a hushed room
lighted only
by love.
Life is content with itself . . .

Sarah Ann Jennette

—and yet so big

Such little words—
spoken in sudden anger
in the heat of emotion
but they hold a deeper sense
beneath the shallow meanings—
so I wait
uncertainly
for you to speak,
healing this aching pain,
for I cannot.
But you are silent—
your lips are still,
refusing me comfort.
Unwillingly
I realize
that pride,
in cruel injustice,
triumphs.
My heart dies
as unbelieving terror
stirs deep within.
They were such
little
words . . .

Sarah Ann Jennette

Poem

The wandering lust
in a restless soul
beckoned . . .

I did not lose you
to another—
I was not permitted even this
small triumph
but was shamed
by the realization that my loss was
to a dream
to imagined fantasies of the unknown
to strange lands and faces . . .
but dreams fade—
darkness of the unfamiliar
lessens
as the light of realization
probes searchingly
and finally dawns.
So when this lust
has lost its power
to enthrall,
you will remember
and—perhaps—
you will return.

Sarah Ann Jennette

"Don Quixote"

Winner of the Sigma Mu Junior-Senior Research Award

Jane Kluttz

Early in the year 1605 the Madrid bookseller, Francisco de Robles, placed on sale a wretchedly printed volume from the press of Juan de las Cuesta, entitled *The Ingenius Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha.* The author, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, then in his fifty-eighth year, was at that time all but unknown. His brilliant literary contemporaries of Spain's Golden Age, men like Lope de Vega, Francisco de Quevedo, and Tirso do Molina, looked upon him as a literary failure. Thus *Don Quixote* made its debut as a poorly printed book written by a then obscure author.[1]

Despite all the labor that has been expended by modern scholars, Cervantes' life remains shrouded for the most part in darkness with only a few reliable documents to serve as guideposts. All the rest is patchwork and conjecture. Cervantes apparently was on friendly terms with few of the literary men of his day and, as a result, not many references to him are found in the writings of his contemporaries and no attempt at a biography was made until more than a century after his death. In spite of this, scholars have been able to piece together certain facts of his life.[2]

Cervantes was born in the university town of Alcalá de Henares in 1547. He was of a rather poor family and there is no evidence that it enjoyed either social recognition or any of the prestige that goes with rank and position, however modest these may be. Nothing is definitely known about the first twenty-one years of his life. He probably had scant schooling but undoubtedly read widely. In 1569 he went to Italy, where he was employed in the household of Cardinal Acquaviva at Rome. The following year he became a soldier and performed garrison duty. In 1571 he distinguished himself for gallantry in the Battle of Lepanto, in which he received three wounds, one of which crippled his left hand for life. In 1575 he sailed for Spain, but his ship was captured by pirates and he and his brother were sold into slavery in Algiers. While he was a captive he exhibited remarkable courage and ingenuity as ringleader in a number of unsuccessful attempts at escape. Despite his rebellious spirit he was treated rather well by his Moorish master, who looked upon him as a person of some importance, worth a sizable ransom. After five years, his family and friends succeeded in raising a sum sufficient to procure his release. On his return to Spain he received no recognition for his military services and was forced to seek a livelihood in civil life. Having always felt a deep interest in the stage, he began to write for the theater of Madrid. To this first period of Cervantes' literary career (1581-1587) belong his best-known play, *The Siege of Numantia,* and his first romance, *Galatea.* However, Cervantes met with little success, and in 1587 he was obliged to lay aside his pen and to take a position as purchasing agent for the Spanish navy in Seville. Although Cervantes' experiences during the next years were frequently dull and unpleasant, his wanderings through the south of Spain turned out to be of the very greatest importance, since they matured his genius in observation and gave him an intimate acquaintance with one of the richest aspects of life ever made use of by any literary artist. The infinite variety of people whom he met in his travels was not lost on his receptive mind, and little escaped his penetrating vision. Travelers on highways and guests at the inns, typical Spaniards of every walk and profession, have been recorded and made immortal in his pages. During such hours as he could command on these journeys, Cervantes continued to write poetry, plays and fiction. From about 1594 until 1598 he served as tax collector in Andalusia. During these eleven years he was imprisoned several times for illegal seizures of property and for irregularities in his accounts. One thing that Cervantes the writer acquired from his prison experiences was a firsthand knowledge of underworld types, of which he was to make good use in his plays and stories. It was probably while in prison in 1602 or 1603 that he began *Don Quixote.* The first part of *Don Quixote* was probably completed before 1604 and published in 1605, the sequel or second part in 1615, a year before his death. Cervantes also published other works in these latter years: *The Exemplary Novels,* 1613; *A Journey to Parnassus,* 1614; and *Plays and Interludes,* 1615. His last romance of adventure, *Persiles and Sigismunda,* was posthumously printed in 1617. During these years Cervantes had more leisure to dedicate to his pen, thanks to the kindly intervention of two patrons. Nevertheless, he had to devote certain hours to earning his bread as best he could, and he complained of his poverty to the end. He died April 23, 1616 in Madrid, where he had spent the last ten years of his life well-known to many of the chief literary lights of his time.[3]

Life had not been easy or especially pleasant for Cervantes. On the whole, the literary men of his day did not consider Cervantes a great writer. And even fame that *Don Quixote* brought him while he lived did not penetrate to any extent the shadows that envelop the final decade of his life. He had apparently failed as a soldier, a public servant, and an author. Moreover, his failures and difficulties were perhaps an inward incapacity to adjust himself to the world.[4]

Although, apparently, Cervantes' primary interest was in writing drama, nevertheless it is for *Don Quixote* that his name has been made great. There are several indications that he apparently considered *Don Quixote* somewhat of a potboiler. It seems strange that he delayed ten years in providing a sequel to a work that had achieved such startling success. Cervantes seems to have been somewhat careless, for numerous inconsistencies appear in the book. Rudolph Scheville, in his book, *Cervantes,* points out that Cervantes neither revised the manuscript nor read the proofs of *Don Quixote* but left it to the printer's far from tender mercies. And although he was in Madrid at the time this second part was on the press, he seems to have paid no attention to it, being more interested at that moment in his plays. Nevertheless, it is because of the ingenious knight that Cervantes has attained world-wide fame.[5]

What is it that gives *Don Quixote* its outstanding importance in the field of fiction? This story is one of the first truly modern novels because for almost the first time in the history of the novel, there is delineation and growth of the characters, and there is dynamic psychological movement in the narrative. In earlier novels, the characters were representative of a social type and thereby incapable of internal

evolution. Things happened to the characters but not within them; they experienced no growth. Such for centuries had been the form which fiction had assumed in Western Europe. *Don Quixote* is important in having broken the mold and introduced the element of dynamism. Thus, Cervantes broke with the prevailing forms of his day—the Arcadian romances and the romances of chivalry. Cervantes' principal characters are anything but black and white; they are complex human beings who constantly change, grow, and expand. They think about life and its meaning and their thinking does things to them.[6]

The great canvas of *Don Quixote* is based on two sources of inspiration. The first is romantic and was derived from the author's extensive reading of the romances of chivalry, which he desired to burlesque. The second source of inspiration is realistic, namely Cervantes' unusually comprehensive experience of life, which he had gained in travel, in military and civil employment, and in his captivity in Africa. The old romances of chivalry are for the greater part unreadable today. Their spirit is exemplified by their false psychology, their wholly imaginary composition, the impossible occurrences and supernatural interventions abounding in them, and by their wordy and involved style. Cervantes' second source of inspiration, the realistic, was derived from his comprehensive experience of the world of people.[7]

Most of the commentators are agreed that Cervantes' original purpose in writing *Don Quixote* was principally to burlesque the romances of chivalry but that, as the narrative progressed, it somehow took on a deeper and broader meaning than the author had first intended. There is much disagreement, however, as to what that deeper and broader meaning is.[13]

There are many possible interpretations of the purpose of *Don Quixote*. Perhaps it is an attempt to expound the nature of madness, or a confession of Cervantes' own disillusionment. Some readers might interpret it as some sort of allegory concerning the nature of divine love, Dulcinea being the divine light. Or, possibly Cervantes agrees with Sancho and is ridiculing idealism in the person of Don Quixote, who literally makes a fool of himself as he embarks on an enterprise for which he has neither skill nor preparation. Or, perhaps the author identifies himself with the knight and is praising the faith of a character who rises above the ills of sense.[14]

Perhaps Coleridge was near the truth when he said Cervantes' design was "to present personified the two elements of human nature: soul and sense, poetry and prose."[15] Surely Cervantes, even while laughing with Don Quixote and Sancho, is in sympathy with them both and identifies himself to some extent with each. Probably after he had created both, he found himself somewhat in sympathy with both Don Quixote, the idealist, and Sancho, the realist.[16] Thus he looks kindly upon his characters as he depicts the never-ending conflict between idealism and realism in human experience. And he has not just theorized the conflict between the seeming and the real, but has placed it within a context of human experience. The subtle meanings are not discussed but are rather found in the lives of Don Quixote and Sancho.[17]

In a sense it is Sancho who represents Cervantes' conscious purpose of burlesque. For it is the squire who observes and, at first, ridicules the knight's actions.[18] But perhaps it is the mysterious Don Quixote who represents the deeper meanings of the book. Perhaps Cervantes states the purpose as it is represented in Sancho because he understands Sancho far better than he understands the mysterious Don Quixote.

Cervantes is not explicit, but it is evident that the book grew beyond its original scope. It is evident also that, before our eyes, we see the growth of the author with his creation. And, in all probability, the creation outgrew the creator. It may have been Cervantes' original intention to compose a tale "for the entertainment of peoples" but before he finishes he is plumbing the depths of human existence and confronting the most profound of philosophical problems: that of appearance and reality, of being and nonbeing.[19]

But perhaps it is not even important to pinpoint either Cervantes' explicit or his implicit purpose. For, in a sense, the purpose actually depends upon the reader, for it depends upon the effect that the book has on the reader. Unamuno has aptly phrased it thus:

> "What does it matter to me what Cervantes intended or did not intend to put into what he actually did put into it? What is living in it is what I must discover for myself in it, whether Cervantes put it there or not."[20]

Thus it is that *Don Quixote* in reality is a different book for each different reader. There are indeed many ways of interpreting it.

One of the marks of genius is the power of synthesis, the faculty of producing a work which may be the perfect symbol and expression of a phase of life or of the whole of life. In this respect, Cervantes was a master. His book is simply a synthesis of the whole of life. Don Quixote and Sancho *are* the book. Cervantes created Don Quixote; he created Sancho; after this we may say, "There is nothing left to be done." Whoever we may be, we shall find no room outside these two classifications: either we are Don Quixote or we are Sancho Panza, and, if we are not strictly one or the other, it is because we are both of them at the same time.[21]

Knight and squire are cast in the same mold. We cannot conceive of one without the other. And far from being two opposed extremes, as some mistakenly presume, they are, not two halves of a whole, but a single being viewed from either side.[22] Don Quixote is one side of our dual nature, Sancho the other. The one represents idealism, imagination, altruism; the other represents realism, sense, and worldliness. And we are both of them at the same time, acting in our eternally irregular and illogical life, now with altruism and idealism, now with selfishness and vulgar aims.[23]

Don Quixote and Sancho are not antagonistic figures; they are complementary. Don Quixote needed Sancho. He needed him to talk to and to think aloud. He needed him to hear himself and to hear the lively recoil of his voice in the world.[24] Sancho was his chorus, was for him all mankind. And Sancho needed Don Quixote. Without Don Quixote Sancho was as alone as without himself.[25] He admits to Don Quixote,

> ". . . if I but offer to stir an Inch from you
> I'm almost frighted out of my seven Senses."[26]

In a sense Don Quixote and Sancho led each other, enticed each other to wander. The faith of the hero feeds on the faith it inspired in Sancho; alternately, Sancho, fainting and reviving in his faith, fed on that of his master.[27]

Like other great novelists, Cervantes began with only the most general outline of a plan in his mind, conceived as he wrote, and out of the raw material of his rich personal experience and his understanding of human beings, he produced from his imagination, episodes and characters that, because they are so humanly real, have universal appeal. He wrote intuitively and, not following a careful plan,

he was guided by thoughts and feelings and never stopped to question, much less to analyze.[8] Like many other Spanish writers, Cervantes does not impose the limitations of careful plot construction, perfection of technique, clear-cut philosophy, and polished style upon his book. Like many Spanish writers, form was unimportant to him; what really mattered was content.[9]

It has been common to say that Cervantes wrote this book to ridicule the novels of chivalry. We listen to him as he tells us so himself in his preface:

> ". . . this writing aims at no more than to destroy the Authority and Acceptance the Books of Chivalry have had in the world."[10]

However, the reader is not fooled by this statement of purpose. When he progresses through the book he is at the end far less convinced when Cervantes concludes the book with:

> "I must render myself happy, to have been the first that rendered those fabulous, nonsensical Stories of Knight-Errantry, the Object of the publick Aversion. They are already going down, and I do not doubt but they will drop and fall altogether in good Earnest, never to rise again."[11]

But the reader is no longer fooled by this. It appears to be a mere convention between Cervantes and his readers. Cervantes seems to have invented it to relieve him of the necessity of defining his purpose.[12]

But knight and squire not only complement each other; they also react upon each other. It is through the interplay, the constant spoken and unspoken dialogue between knight and squire that the drama is realized. Each becomes more like the other. As Don Quixote grows, Sancho grows with him. And the two may be looked upon as embodying the drama and the dialogue that is taking place within Cervantes. Knight and squire react upon their creator—he learns from them, and, as he learns, his statue as an artist increases.[28]

Cervantes has managed to portray in Don Quixote the incarnation of many of humanity's dearest ideals. He is very foolish indeed, this knight who tilts at windmills, frees convicts, and pronounces flowery discourses on the Golden Age to a hungry group of goatherds. Through it all he remains dignified and noble, and we almost feel that reality rather than Don Quixote is at fault.

It is almost as if Don Quixote must fulfill a grand and terrible mission, known only to him. And he can make no one believe in it. A terrible thing it is to have heard in his innermost being a still small voice which says to him, "This thou must do," yet which does not say to mankind, "This my son which you here behold must do this thing." A terrible thing it is to have heard, "Do this thing which your brethren will deem a breach of the general law by which I rule you all; do it because I who command you am the supreme law." The hero alone hears and knows and has faith in and is obedient to his command. A grand and terrible thing it is that the hero alone sees his heroism within him. It makes him alone in the midst of men, dedicated to a sense of purpose and untouched by the ridicule of other people.[29] Indeed, the greatest height of heroism to which an individual can attain is to know how to face ridicule; better still, to know how to make oneself ridiculous and not to shrink from the ridicule.[30] As Unamuno says,

> "Don Quixote made himself ridiculous; but he did not know the most tragic ridicule of all—the inward ridicule, the ridiculousness of a man's self to himself, in the eyes of his own soul . . . . And what has Don Quixote left, do you ask? I answer, he has left himself, and a man, a living eternal man, is worth all theories and all philosophies."[31]

Yes, Don Quixote's nature is ridiculously funny. And it is Christlike.

People thought the knight ought to be content with the uneventful routines his life imposed. But he was not content. And when he set out in earnest to live an altogether different life he was thought by everybody to be either strange or mad.[32]

And we are thus brought directly to the question of the knight's madness—on which the meaning of the book hinges. Though the psychiatrists have occasionally tried to claim him, it should not be necessary to point out that this is no ordinary insanity.[33] Waldo Frank has pointed out that "Don Quixote is a man possessed, but not a madman."[34] And there is all the difference in the world between the two; the difference may be subtle, but it is clear.

Don Quixote is possessed of an Ideal. On every subject other than knight-errantry he appears to be quite sane. Only in the area of knighthood does he seem to be mad.[35] But we dare not call him mad, for in his enacted drama he knew his part. He is fully aware of the true character of his hallucinations.[36] He knows, for example, that the windmills are not actually giants. He perceives the windmills but believes that enchanters have transformed them from giants to windmills. Don Quixote himself says,

> "I am verily persuaded, that cursed Necromancer, Freston . . . has transformed these Giants into Windmills."[37]

And thus it is not a matter of perception but a matter of interpretation. And here our mad-man must exit and our poet-philosopher, intent upon defending the right of vision and imagination, must enter.[38] For the "mad" knight fully sensed what he chose to call truth, knowing the bodily difference between truth and the facts around him.[39] And so it is possible to say that he does know what he is doing and that he has his own reasons for what he does. If these would be nobody else's reasons, that is because there is nobody quite like him in the world.[40]

If it is true—and I think it is—that Don Quixote is aware of who he really is and of what the true character of his hallucinations is then he is no longer truly the knight but is a skillful and conscious actor. This does not mean that he merely pretends.[41] To act as he acts is more than to ape; to imitate as he does is finally to understand. And what is the difference between acting like a great man and being one? To act as a knight is to think and feel like one, but not actually to be one. He acts well his part—and therein lies his honor.[42]

Here is a hero made real as only the finest art achieves reality, a book which calls in question the existence of knights and the sanity of an obscure man who insisted that he could be one.[43] It is true, you may say, that even if he is only acting like a knight, it is still madness. In the theater perhaps it would not be—but this man does it on the highways of Spain; he makes the world his stage. The knight's dedication of himself to the role of knight, however absurd it might seem, is Don Quixote's profession of faith that a better world can exist.[44] His madness consisted in nothing more than his refusal to make a distinction between what was possible to the imagination and what was possible to the pursuits of everyday life.[45]

But the time comes when Don Quixote decides to stop acting altogether. The role of knight has never pleased—heaven itself never seems to be pleased. Is it possible that it at last dawned upon the knight that no one really cared how well he played his part—or whether he played it at all? The defeated knight must keep his word—and there

is nothing to do but to go home. Don Quixote scarcely agrees; yet he does go, and the story is soon over. He goes because a knight must keep his vow—and this last act as knight is perhaps his truest.[46] But on his deathbed, he makes his own choice to stop acting and he asserts,

> "I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonso Quixano . . . I now declare myself an enemy to . . . all profane Stories of Knight-Errantry . . ."[47]

We wonder why, in the end, the hero forsakes his part. Had he merely been a bored man seeking diversion and excitement? Had he been a man who could not endure the emptiness and hollowness of the world of fact? Is he merely a man who found the world of sense so empty that he had to play the part of knight-errant? Has Don Quixote been playing games that amuse him no longer, so that now he says, "Let us be serious"? Or did he perhaps really believe in the utility of acting like a knight? Perhaps, in the end, Don Quixote comes to believe that his doctrine will not triumph in this world because it is not of it.[48]

As a knight, Don Quixote is the personification of idealism in a quest for justice. Don Quixote hungers after justice because there is nothing else true but justice. To him justice is an attempt at unity. Don Quixote looks upon himself as the instrument of justice and thus sets forth to "perform" justice. But his deeds get him into trouble. Worse than that, in enacting justice, the knight brings trouble to others. There is the boy whom he frees from the flogging master and who is flogged the worse in payment for the humiliations the master has suffered from Don Quixote. There is the freeing of the convicts—probably to the menace of every household in the land. Don Quixote wrecks funerals and even commits sacrilege in wrestling the image of the virgin from the priest. Indeed, he offends more than he ever actually helps.[49] But his errors are honorable errors. They consist only in misinterpreting appearances—and if the appearances had in fact been the reality he supposed them, he should be altogether praised for his actions.[50]

Don Quixote is the prototype of the modern utopian who spends himself in the interest of the general good. Perhaps herein lies a real error in the knight. For in his pursuit of the general good and enforcement of general principles, Don Quixote overlooks the individual. He would have given attention to the whipped boy except for the fact that he was too busy with a knight's duties. Don Quixote is so much concerned with the ideal that somehow he is unable to see individual persons. And I wonder—is it ever possible to begin with "humanity"? Should not he perhaps have begun with persons and seen them as unique individuals? In his love for mankind, Don Quixote somehow overlooks man.

In Sancho Panza, Cervantes has portrayed a man who believes only what his eyes can see or his hands can touch. Sancho does not understand that fact and truth may be foes. He takes one for the other. His reality is the reality of the senses.[51]

Sancho represents the earthly, "when-do-we-eat" side of our dual nature. His dominant impulse is appetite.[52] Greed makes him doubt; greed makes him trust his master. Yet, underneath there works upon Sancho an indefeasible respect for Don Quixote. And this is, perhaps, the thing that makes Sancho great. Though Sancho sees Don Quixote as mad and though he constantly must endure the consequences of the knight's pursuits, yet he cannot free himself from the mysterious Don Quixote, whom he can never understand.[53] He won't admit it to himself but, in truth, Sancho cannot endure the emptiness of the dull world of fact. Sancho loves his master. And yet he despises him—and betrays him. He judges and exploits him. But, though he followed to mock, he remained to love.

The spirit of Don Quixote will at last fit into the world. It is not Don Quixote who will accomplish it, but the practical Sancho—who seems to become mad at the death bed of Don Quixote. Sancho is the one who will impress Quixotism upon the world of men.[54]

Sancho is wholly a creation of Cervantes. True, he grows as he comes in contact with the knight. Nevertheless, he is always within the will of Cervantes. But in Don Quixote, Cervantes created a figure only to lose it. He endowed him with a principle which makes him recede ever more from being merely his creation. Don Quixote is no sooner set on earth, then he proceeds to change wholly from the apparent intent of the author. Above all, Don Quixote is a child who becomes himself. He is conceived and formed by Cervantes. But it is evident that Cervantes has no real hold on him. The mysterious Don Quixote, in all probability, was far from understood by his author.[55]

One of the central questions of the book is, What is Reality? Neo-Platonism and Aristotelianism set forth two theories of reality which were prevalent in the Renaissance. For the Neo-Platonic the conceptual is the real; all else is merely fact. The real is not this world, for in this world we are snared and mired by a vicious world of appearance. Knowledge comes, not from translating this factual film into the real, but in the piercing and the abandoning of it altogether. Neo-Platonism declares that there is a real world, but it is not this one. Man must crucify fact in order to reach the real world.[56] For the Aristotelian, the ultimate reality is the world which is revealed through the senses.[57]

Don Quixote moves through a world which is neo-platonically real. He is as aware as Sancho of sheep, windmills, inns, and country wenches. But he chooses to disregard these lies of fact. He erects a systematic symbol whereby his senses can vault the appearances about him and deliver him the truth. Don Quixote's is the distinction between a glorious truth and the drab world of fact.[58]

To Sancho the phenomenal world, the world of facts, is everything. Since he conceives no other, and since his master continuously lives within another of his own conceiving, Sancho is held busy translating into factual terms the entire adventure which he rides with Don Quixote. Every act and every word of Don Quixote has a dimension which Sancho cannot see.[59]

The problem of reality is essentially the same for both knight and squire—viewed from a different angle. Each of these two men see the same things but consider them differently. They represent two types of human wisdom—that which knows things as they are and that which knows things as they ought to be.[60] And the knight's error is our error when we disregard the evidence of sense; but the squire's failure is always our failure when we undervalue the spirit.

The book also touches on the problem of Being and Nonbeing. For Jean Paul Sartre, Being is, for one thing, the ability of a person to will for himself what he is to be and thus make himself what he is. Nonbeing, on the other hand, is characterized by the person who remains a passive plaything of unconscious forces, which determine what he is to be. And can we not see in Don Quixote a person willing himself to be a knight-errant and thus accepting the liberty of creating a world? You may say that the knight appears to be a plaything of the people who mock him. But his inner being is never determined by these people; it is indeed determined by his own will. Truly, Don Quixote is an

excellent example of Being in this sense. And can we not see in Sancho a person who remains the passive plaything of the unconscious forces, which determine what he is to be? And is not Sancho's whole nature determined by these unconscious forces rather than by his own will?

Don Quixote thus is more than an adventure story, for underneath the story it deals with the meanings of existence and reality as seen in the lives of the knight and the squire. Because of this, the book had both immediate and lasting success.

By 1610 the whole of Spain was laughing over the fantastic adventures of Don Quixote and Sancho. About the only ones who did not join in the popular chorus were the intellectuals. But the masses promptly took it to themselves and claimed it for their own. It was not until several centuries later that the intellectuals began to discover its true meanings. Then this supposedly slapstick farce became so big and many-sided that it eluded all attempts to comprehend it fully.[61]

Those who are young can enjoy *Don Quixote* merely for the adventure of the story. The middle-aged can find inspiration for constant endeavor, new light on their own problems, and a penetrating commentary on life around them. The old may find consolation for dreams unrealized and communion with a spirit treated unkindly by life but never beaten.[62]

The sign of its simplicity is that it can be summarized in a few sentences. The sign of its mysteriousness is that it can be talked about forever. It has indeed been talked about as no other story has. For a strange thing happens to its readers. They do not read the same book. Or, if they do, they have different interpretations about it.[63] Perhaps it is its elusiveness that has made *Don Quixote* great.

[1]Samuel Putnam, *The Portable Cervantes* (New York, 1951), p. 1.
[2]*Ibid.*, p. 7
[3]Rudolph Scheville, *Cervantes* (Boston, 1928), p. xiv.
[4]Samuel Putnam, *op. cit.*, pp. 12-14.
[5]Samuel Putnam, *op. cit.*, pp. 13-14.
[6]*Ibid.*, pp. 19-20.
[7]Rudolph Scheville, *op. cit.*, p. xvi.
[8]H. G. Doyle, "Introduction to Don Quixote" in *Don Quixote* (New York, 1950), p. xvi.
[9]G. T. Northrup, *An Introduction to Spanish Literature* (Chicago, 1925), p. 250.
[10]Miguel de Cervantes, *Don Quixote*. Translated by H. G. Doyle. (New York, 1950), Author's Preface.
[11]Miguel de Cervantes, *op. cit.*, p. 336
[12]H. G. Doyle, *op. cit.*, p. xi.
[13]B. B. Trawick, World Literature, vol. 2 (New York, 1955), p. 167.
[14]B. B. Trawick, *op. cit.*, p. 167.
[15]*Ibid.*, p. 167.
[16]*Ibid.*, p. 167.
[17]J. D. M. Ford, "The Significance of the Cervantes Quadricentennial." *Hispania*, 1947, p. 295.
[18]Waldo Frank, "Don Quixote: A Modern Scripture," From Yale Review Essays.
[19]Samuel Putnam, *op. cit.*, p. 20.
[20]Miguel De Unamuno, *The Tragic Sense of Life* (London, 1931), p. 309.
[21]Blasco Ibanez, "What Readers and Critics Say," *Hispania*, August, 1947, p. 304.
[22]Miguel de Unamuno, *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho* (New York, 1927), p. 150.
[23]Blasco Ibanez, *op. cit.*, p. 304.
[24]Miguel de Unamuno, *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho, op. cit.*, p. 36.
[25]*Ibid.*, p. 93.
[26]Cervantes, *op. cit.*, p. 168.
[27]Unamuno, *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho, op. cit.*, p. 150.
[28]Samuel Putnam, *op. cit.*, p. 21.
[29]Unamuno, *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho, op. cit.*, pp. 31-33.
[30]Unamuno, *The Tragic Sense of Life, op. cit.*, p. 315.
[31]Unamuno, *The Tragic Sense of Life, op. cit.*, p. 323.
[32]Mark Van Doren, *Don Quixote's Profession* (New York, 1958), p. 1.
[33]Samuel Putnam, *op. cit.*, p. 31.
[34]Waldo Frank, *op.cit.*, p. 101.
[35]*Ibid.*, p. 101.
[36]*Ibid.*, p. 101.
[37]Miguel de Cervantes, *op. cit.*, p. 44.
[38]Samuel Putnam, *op. cit.*, p. 31.
[39]Waldo Frank, *op. cit.*, p. 101.
[40]Mark Van Doren, *op. cit.*, p. 10.
[41]*Ibid.*, p. 8.
[42]*Ibid.*, p. 23.
[43]Mark Van Doren, *op. cit.*, p. 23.
[44]*Ibid.*, p. 9.
[45]J. W. Krutch, *Five Master* (New York, 1930), p. 80.
[46]Mark Van Doren, *op. cit.*, p. 93.
[47]Cervantes, *op cit.*, p. 931.
[48]Mark Van Doren, *op. cit.*, p. 93.
[49]Waldo Frank, *op. cit.*, pp. 103-107.
[50]Mark Van Doren, *op. cit.*, pp. 15-16.
[51]Waldo Frank, *op. cit.*, p. 98.
[52]H. G. Doyle, *op. cit.*, p. xiii.
[53]Waldo Frank, *op. cit.*, p. 110.
[54]Unamuno, *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho, op. cit.*, p. 316.
[55]Waldo Frank, *op. cit.*, p. 73.
[56]Waldo Frank, *op. cit.*, p. 73.
[57]J. W. Krutch, *op. cit.*, p. 81.
[58]Waldo Frank, *op. cit.*, pp. 98-102.
[59]*Ibid.*, p. 109.
[60]Mark Van Doren, *op. cit.*, p. 27.
[61]Samuel Putnam, *op. cit.*, p. 4.
[62]N. B. Adams, "What Writers and Critics Say," *Hispania*, August, 1947, p. 307.
[63]Mark Van Doren, *op. cit.*, p. 3.

Ladies' Apparel

MILDRED'S SHOP

753 Providence Road

Poem

Shall I sing again a song?
Shall I sing again when I know
It will not pass the grave?
Songs are for the living—
Many have I heard and forgotten.
Songs have become echoes in my memory.
And the strongest—the sweetest still
Is the one my heart sings
For Lynn—my lost Lynn.

ROBERT W. BERRYHILL

"No Man is an Island"

"No man is an island, intire of it selfe; every man
is a peece of the continent, a part of the maine."

These are the words of a man who was able to transcend the barrier of self and thus to view his life in relation to all of humanity. Because John Donne saw his life in this perspective, he was able to perceive one of the greatest truths of human existence: no man is an island; for every man shares a kinship with every other man, and all are a part of mankind.

To read into Donne's statement the idea that each individual is not a unique entity is to misinterpret the statement grossly. Donne neither asserts not implies such an idea. Rather, he deals with the relationship of entities. These entities or human individuals are related in that they are bound by certain ties. To Donne, the primary bond of unity lies in common origin. Donne writes, "All mankinde is of one Author."

From Donne's feeling of kinship with all men flowed one of the greatest of all human qualities—the capacity for human sympathy. Hence, Donne could write, "Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankinde."

Various American writers of this century and the century past have affirmed the idea that no man is an island. Such a writer was Thomas Wolfe. Through George Webber, the author's spokesman in *You Can't Go Home Again*, Wolfe claimed to have learned that he was the son and brother of all men living. Wolfe came to a realization of this involvement with mankind only after a great struggle which stemmed largely from his youthful conception of himself as an artist—that he was a man set apart. The mature Wolfe emerged after the writer realized that no one, not even the artist, is an island. Wolfe's feeling of involvement produced in him the quality of human sympathy through which he gained insight into the problems of the people of his country and of the world of his day.

The loneliness of man, brought about largely through the inability of man to communicate with man, is a primary theme in Wolfe's works. Wolfe believes that man is lonely, yes; yet the author does not maintain that man is an island because of this loneliness. Perhaps this very loneliness is the bond which, to Wolfe, unites man to man. Man is alone, yet he is not alone in his "aloneness"; he is the son and brother of all men.

The idea of a universal loneliness is found also in Saroyan's *The Human Comedy*. In this novel the wise Mrs. Macauley explains to her teen-aged son, Homer, the reason for his seemingly unwarranted feeling of loneliness. She says, "The loneliness you feel has come because you are no longer a child. But the whole world is full of loneliness." Thus, Homer Macauley is lonely, yet he is not alone in his loneliness.

Saroyan speaks again through Mrs. Macauley concerning the result of a feeling of involvement with mankind. Mrs. Macauley says,

> The evil man must be forgiven every day. He must be loved, because something of us is in the most evil man in the world and something of him is in each of us. He is ours and we are his. None of us is separate from any other. The peasant's prayer is my prayer; the assassin's crime is my crime.

Here again is evidence of the quality of human sympathy, flowing from the realization that no man is an island—that every man is involved in mankind.

Henry James reveals in *The Beast in the Jungle* the tragic consequences of considering oneself an island. John Marcher, the leading character of this story, believed that he was destined to experience an event which would distinguish him from all mankind, and he centered his life around this belief. From Marcher's conception of himself as an island or a man set apart came, not the capacity for human sympathy, but a blinding egoism which stood as a barrier between Marcher and everyone with whom he came in contact.

If every man is an island, then every man, like Marcher, is a wholly self-centered being whose only motto can be—"I am involved in myself." If every man is an island, only the loneliness is left to him, and there can be no quality of human sympathy; for there is no "relatedness" which is the wellspring of human sympathy.

No man is an island . . .

MARY STENHOUSE

He who has no wheels . . . has worries;
or
"But isn't there somewhere else?"

Wedding/Elizabeth Sproul

Birth and Marriage

Birth and marriage are two of the most important events in a person's life. One takes place at a time when the new individual is ready to take his place in the world; the other occurs when this same individual has become a fully mature member of society. What then can these two have in common? The newborn infant and the bride at the altar have little outward resemblance, and unlike birth, marriage is fully under the control of the individual concerned.

Birth and marriage are much alike, however, in that they both begin a new life and a new world. When a baby leaves its mother's body, the newborn must begin to eat, sleep, and breathe under its own power. Its own body must now perform the functions which were performed for it by the mother. The old life of parasitical growth is ended; the new life of independent functioning has begun.

So it is in marriage. As soon as the wedding vows have been spoken, the newly married pair enter a whole new existence; a life which heretofore neither has known. Each person now goes from the old world of "me" into the new world of "us"; he must learn to live this new way of life just as he had to adjust to self-sufficiency at birth.

The new existence entered into at birth holds forth the promise of another life; a new world to enter into—that of marriage. The only new world that marriage holds forth is death, the unknown. But who can tell? Perhaps death is the door to the brightest world of all.

Sara Craig

The Wed

"You'll never guess what's happened.

"*Miss* Iris Jones has had her baby!

"I found out this morning down at the telegram office.
While I was there a message came in for her father.
I pretended to be looking up a telephone number in the directory—
the telephone is near the receiving desk, remember—but actually
I was able to read every word of the gram.
It said:

Father stop baby arrived yesterday noon stop
healthy girl stop
I am fine stop please come stop Iris.

"She's in Chicago you know—in some home for unwed mothers.

"I wonder if she's going to come home.
Well, all I can say is she'd better not!
Can you imagine our town putting up with such a girl?
Why, it's one of the major scandals of the year.

"Wonder who the father is—she never said, remember, but I've my suspicions.
It serves her right him not marrying her. Why should he?
She's just a—well, a low-class girl.
And her father! That Mr. Jones! You know him.
He's nothing but a mill hand—probably doesn't care anyhow.

"I wonder what she'll do with the baby—keep it or
Put it up for adoption. Anyway, the father doesn't want it.
If he does he would have married her, wouldn't he?
She'd just better not bring that baby here and expect the town to bring it up!
We've got too many charities to support already.

"Wonder what the baby looks like—a girl, isn't it?
It's probably got its mother's big mouth!
It would be just like that little tramp to bring her child here!
But I'm telling you, our town just won't stand for it.
Not for a minute, it won't. We're respectable people here,
And she'd just better realize that. *Miss* Iris Jones!

"Come around this afternoon, and I'll give you some tea.
Maybe I'll have heard something else about the baby.

"I wonder what woman Tom's been fooling around with this morning
Since I left the house," thought *Mrs.* Miller severely as she hurried home.

Laura Prince Davis

The Powers of Death

Winner of the Sigma Upsilon Freshman Fiction Award

Jane Paden

The glowing coals cast an amber light over the roughly hewn walls of the cabin. All was silent except for the slow creaking of the ancient rocker and the whistling, snapping winter wind that rattled the snow-covered panes of the window. Outside the cabin violent winds scooped into the world's white blanket, swirling and scattering it playfully into the night's black nothingness. The ice-white moon shone through the interlocked branches of the trees and cast ribbons of broken light down the barren mountain slopes. The trees groaned. Huge decayed limbs snapped and fell to the cold breast of the earth. The murmur of the night animals was lost in the scream of the savage gale. In the midst of this white wilderness the small pine cabin lay nestled among the drifts. Here in the center of many-faced nature a man had chosen to live. The stout walls of the cabin shut out the vastness of the wilderness, but they could never shut out the memories.

In the cabin the old man rose carefully from his rocker. His cane was his friend; he leaned heavily on it. After he had steadied himself, he cautiously edged his way to the hearth. His legs were getting weak, and he thought that they might fail him. Once he stopped, propping himself against the worn planks of the oak table. His legs had not always been this weak. Once he had won the running marathon in Dumfries. That had been in his youth. He reached the hearth. He placed his cane on the floor, leaned against the wood-box, lifted a pine log from the wood-pile, and placed it on the fire. His eyes twinkled. His arms were still strong. Though wrinkled, the knotted, vein-covered muscles and sinews still retained some of their youthful strength. He wiped the beads of sweat from his brow, picked up his cane, and faltered on the way to his chair. He sat down. The old man watched as the small fingers of flame leaped up around the belly of the old log. Soon the dancing fire was crackling and sizzling, creating a beautiful warmth.

The cabin was sparsely furnished. It contained the bare necessities; that was all. The old man had fashioned each piece with his own hands. They were good, he thought; they had served their purpose well. He thought of the hours he had spent on each piece, transforming them from gnarled pine logs to serviceable friends. That time was gone, never to return. In some ways he wished it would return, but he was tired and very old and satisfied with his life as he had lived it. It would be selfish to ask for more.

He sat immobile, staring in front of him. Above, the great trees whispered together; they were full of humming voices discussing matters beyond his understanding. He smiled wisely. Nature also had her problems. He looked at the log in the hearth. It had come from a tall proud tree that had once stood by the little spring by the wood-pile in the side yard. Once it had been young and agile; with age decay had set in and its majestic trunk had slipped with a pitiful sigh to the ground. We are all alike, he thought.

Soon his mind became lost in the flickering flames. The night sounds made no impression upon his consciousness. Forgetting where he was, he lost his sense of time in a reverie. He imagined himself by the side of a rain-swollen stream. The sun was warm. As the water slipped and gurgled over the rocks of the creek, small gems of water leaped and reflected briefly in the bright rays of the summer sun. Occasionally an unsuspecting trout would tug playfully at his spinner, and would be pulled skillfully and swiftly to the bank. The small trout he would throw back; he did not have the heart to eat a fish so young. It had not been his pride of landing a fine fish as much as it had been the admiration and love that he had seen in the boy's eyes. He always thought of the boy when the wind howled and the night was lonely. When he thought of the boy, he felt the emptiness of his overpowering sorrow. He recalled the many hikes and fishing trips that he and the boy had enjoyed together. They had trapped animals for their pelts. Once they had caught and trained a raccoon which they had named Timmy. A profound love sprang up among the three.

One day the leather-hinged door had opened quietly. A shock of tousled chestnut hair, a pair of wondering hazel eyes, and a round freckled face had peeked cautiously through the gap at a level with the worn wooden handle. The boy had entered quietly. He clutched a flurry, lifeless form in his plump arms. The old man had turned to see who was there. His heart stood still at the sight of the boy. "Timmy has gone with the angels," the boy had said. He had been too brave to cry; maybe it would have been best

Trees/Elizabeth Sproul

if they both had cried, the old man thought. The boy had looked at the old man. "You won't leave me, will you, Grandfather?" he had asked. The old man had answered, "no," but he knew that he, too, must go someday. They had buried Timmy in a small pine box on a sunbathed cliff. The sun arose from behind that cliff each morning and cast its vibrant red tones across the countryside. He recalled the myriad majestic glory of dawn. He smiled painfully as he remembered the wonder in the boy's eyes as the first bright spears of light had crept over the red shrouded mountain slopes. Nature and God had never ceased to amaze the boy with their wonders.

But the angels had returned too soon and taken the boy from him. Since the boy had gone, there had been a brimming spring of loveliness and deep melancholy in his heart. Tears welled up like a fount to his warm, faded blue eyes. The small child, the pale face, the frail body, the pine box, the sunlit cliff—all passed through his aching mind. It had been best, he admitted, for had he gone first, whom would the boy have had to turn to? How he missed those dark laughing eyes, those warm arms that had often flung themselves impulsively round his neck, and the warm little cheek that had pressed close to his own. The dark eyes were glossy and lifeless now. The warm arms and the flushed cheek were now white and cold and buried deep in the crust of the small snow-covered cliff. The boy must be cold, he thought. He sighed, because he knew the Lord was caring for the boy and that the boy would be kept warm in the radiance of God. The boy was gone, but the old man could not weep. One lone tear balanced on the lower lid of his eye. He did not bother to brush it away.

The child's image slipped from his mind. His soul reeled through blackness. He felt faint. The great log slipped and thundered hollowly on the base of the fireplace. He sat erect. A few glowing coals nestled where the singing fire had once been. He stretched his legs. They were cold and strangely stiff. He reached down and removed his worn boots. They fell to the floor with a thump. With his hands he rubbed his feet vigorously. What is the use, he thought, as he replaced his scuffed boots on his weary feet. A dull ache crept up his thin legs and strong knotted arms. He rested his head on the rough slab at the top of the chair. The chair creaked as he rocked. The blaze was extinct, but he was too tired to place another log on the fire. The dullness crept higher and spread its cold fingers through each cell of his body. He became very weary. Sleep would warm and nurse his pain. The back of the chair supported his heavy head. Sleep would be a welcome guest this night, he thought. His eyes closed. The tear still rested on his white lashes. The dim light accentuated the deep folds and creases of his ruddy leather face. His mind clouded and drifted into a calm, black nothingness.

The death-like fingers had gone; his feet were warm and did not ache; his head was no longer heavy, and his blood seemed to flow miraculously back into his veins. His face felt flushed. A new life flowed through him. He turned as he heard the creak of the leather-hinged door as it opened. He blinked unbelievingly as the shock of beloved tousled chestnut hair, the dark hazel eyes, and the round freckled face peeked into the warm room. The child clutched a struggling furry masked form in his chubby arms. The dark laughing eyes welled with tears of joy as the warm arms flung themselves round the old man's neck. Timmy scampered across the familiar floor. The old man blinked again. There was a little silence as he held the child close to him. He pressed his lips speechlessly upon the shock of dark brown hair. The boy lifted his eyes and smiled as he brushed away the old man's tear. In his countenance was something eternal and calm and full of peace. "Lean on me," the boy said. "We are going on a long journey. Come, we mustn't keep Him waiting."

My Shillaly

One of my childhood prized possessions was my shillaly. Found on one of my treasured walks with my daddy, this interestingly variegated stick caught my attention and immediately intrigued me when daddy pronounced it a shillaly. The attractiveness of this new word plus the distinctiveness of the broken limb at once endeared it to me, and it was for many years a familiar article among my play things. The swirled, age-worn lines and circular notches on its slender, woody surface gave it a personality all its own. The larger end was a comfortable handful—the proper size for my nine-year-old hand. Indispensable for probing and uncovering on a walk and as easily adaptable to the role of a rifle in a cowboy and Indian seige, the shillaly was only about two feet long; and its gnarled surface tapered gradually to the inch and a half handful end. Cleaned of dust and dirt, it was a handsome bit of wood and an impressive addition to my possessions as well as to my vocabulary.

MELISSA MARTIN

Compliments of

H. B. Owsley & Son, Inc.

Compliments of

Yopp Insurance Agency, Inc.

THE

BARRINGER HOTELS

100% AIR CONDITIONED

Charlotte, N. C.

Columbia, S. C.

Augusta, Ga.

1ST UNION NATIONAL BANK OF NORTH CAROLINA

THE QUILL

MAY 1959

QUEENS COLLEGE · CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA